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THE ART *of* DRESS. A POEM.

[*Price One Shilling.*]

THE ART OF DRESS

A

POEM.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE ART OF DRESS. A POEM.

Quantò rectius hoc, quàm triſti lædere verſu
Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumque nepotem?
Hor.

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M. DCC. XVII.

THE

ART

OF

DRESS.

A

POEM.

RBR
B846AR

TO THE

TOASTS

OF

GREAT-BRITAIN.

LADIES,

OU, for whose Perusal the following POEM was chiefly intended, have the justest Claim

Claim to its Patronage; and next to thoſe who have Painted your Natural Beauties, he that treats of your Acquired Charms has doubtleſs a Right to your Favour; *Female* DRESS, though touch'd upon lightly in Many excellent Pieces, has not, that I know of, ever been wholly the Subject of One; The AUTHOR has hand'led it in a Ludicrous, but uncommon Hi-

Hiſtorical Way; tho' it will do him, perhaps, little Service to declare that his Fancy and Matter are New, when ſuch Numbers of Scriblers have the ſame Plea for Theirs every Day.

Be that as it will, all he Aims at is, bringing you over betimes to his Intereſt, ſince the *Cavalier* Criticks will always go in with your Cenſure,

ſure, or Praiſe, and thoſe who are not ſo, will neither be courted, nor fear'd by

Your conſtant Admirer,

and Servant,

J. D. B.

DRESS.

A

POEM.

IN Antient Times, before this Isle was known,
While ROME subdu'd the Continent alone;
E'er Foreign Lords the *British* KINGS control'd,
Or the wild Native knew the Use of Gold,

Our ſimple Mothers (as old Authors write)
Guiltleſs of Pride, in DRESS took no delight.
Skins round their Middles negligently ty'd,
Conceal'd what Nature prompted them to Hide:
Uncouthly daub'd with Paint, the reſt was Bare,
And to their Feet reach'd down their length of (Hair:
They ask'd no *Pin-Money*, and us'd no Paſte,
Nor ſuffer'd Torture for a ſlender Waſte,
But learn'd betimes in Foreſts to perſue
The flying Deer, and twang their Bows of Eugh;
Intent on Rural Sports, defy'd the Spleen,
Made homely Meals, and took no Drams (between.

Such artleſs Nymphs, (as Chronicles will ſhow)
Were here in Vogue Two Thouſand Years ago,

Till

Till Cæsar first debauch'd us into Vice,
And Maiden-Heads began to bear a Price:
Legions of Trulls then landed on the Shore,
And *Rome*'s succeeding Lords sent over more:
They cloath'd, and taught our Women how to (please,
And Civiliz'd the Monsters by degrees.

Her Woods and Lawns the *Huntress* now forsook,
To practise Airs in ev'ry Chrystal Brook;
Worship'd the *Cyprian* Queen in Dian's stead,
Ty'd on the *Mantle*, and adorn'd her Head;
To jaunty Steps reduc'd her antient stride,
And laid the Quiver, and the Darts aside.

Old Legislators strove, (but all in vain)
To drive back Vanity beyond the Main;

And *Druids* bellow'd till their Lungs were ſore,
Alas! their Audience minded them no more;
For Men themſelves were Prettier Fellows grown,
And Licens'd Female Follies by their own.

Four Ages now, were Faſhions at a ſtand,
Till * HENGIST ſeiz'd on this unguarded Land;
With him † ROWENA (peerleſs Beauty) came,
(To BRUTE's expiring Race a fatal Name!)
She from the *German Elbe*, and *Baltic* Shore,
Of Charms and Graces brought a deadly Store:
On || VORTIGERN's ſoft Soul the Poyſon wrought,
And in the *Syren*'s Net the King was caught.

---

* *The firſt* Saxon *King of* Kent.

† *His Neice. See*, Milton's *Hiſtory of* England.

|| *The King of* Britain.

Hence

Hence the great Change enſu'd, ordain'd by Fate,
Which turn'd this Empire to an *Heptarch* State;
The Conquer'd *Britons* to their § *Alps* withdrew,
And Antient Habits ſoon gave way to New.

Of all the *Saxon* Courts, which, bore the Bell,
For Beauty, Air, and Dreſs, no Records tell;
For Lies, and Legends, only flouriſh'd then,
(The ſtupid Labours of the Monkiſh Pen,)
'Till valiant * EGBERT made the Crowns unite,
And his Lay-Subjects firſt began to write.
Now follow'd ſome Luxurious Peaceful Reigns,
Till Time and Fate brought in the Cruel *Danes*:
In War and Bloodſhed Ages paſs'd away,
Whilſt theſe prevail'd by Turns, and loſt the Day;

§ *The* Welch *Mountains.*
* *Firſt, ſole Monarch of* England.

At laſt on *England*'s long conteſted Throne
† CANUTE the Fierce, ſate undiſturb'd alone;
Him, EMMA charm'd, who Beautiful as Good,
Retriev'd the Glories of her *Saxon* Blood;
And call'd the Graces back which left the Land,
Whilſt Fiends and Furies toſs'd the flaming Brand.
Now Ladies practis'd each *Coſmetic* Lore,
As their great Gran-Dames did in Days of Yore;
Renew'd their Antient Snares to Ruin Man,
Roll'd the bewitching Eye, and play'd the Fan.

So when ſome Hurricane has ceas'd to Rage,
And Seas and Winds no more their Battles wage;

---

† *The firſt* Daniſh *King of* England, *who married* Emma, *Widow of King* Ethelred.

Th' endanger'd Bark which floated on the Main
With Canvas furl'd, and bore the Shock with Pain,
Through gentle Waves now cuts her eaſy way,
Spreads all her Sails, and lets her Streamers play.

Then our firſt QUIXOTS us'd on Steeds to Prance,
Buckled in Mail, and break th' unweildy Lance;
For prudent Nymphs (and who can blame the Fair
In chuſing well, who took ſuch early Care)
Would put their Lovers on that bold Eſſay,
To know their Strength before the Wedding Day.

Much ſtill there wanted to compleat our DRESS,
And *Beaus* and *Belles* were awkard with Exceſs,
Till WILLIAM brought his *Norman* Models o'er,
Trunk-Hoſe, and *Farthingales* unknown before.

The

The Female *Top-Knot* us'd till then to Riſe
A *Gothic* Structure, and a mere Diſguiſe;
Their Motion was untaught, the work of Chance,
And our Court-Minuet, but a Morrice-Dance.
Firſt in his Days appear'd in all its State
The ſplendid *Toilet* cover'd o'er with Plate;
(Thoſe fatal *Boxes*, which more Ills contain'd
Than in PANDORA'S e'er the Poets feign'd.)
The poliſh'd *Mirrour*, (Emblem of the Fair,
Shining, yet Brittle) was erected there;
Combs, *Patches*, *Paint*, had their allotted Place,
And ev'ry Toy that gives the Sex a Grace.

Fam'd ROSAMOND, as Antient Ballads tell,
Was paſſing Fair, and Dreſs'd, exceeding well;

Her Skin was Lilly-White, and Black as Jet
Her Eye, transfixt the great * PLANTAGENET:
She firſt us'd *Waſhes* for the Neck and Face,
And binding *Allom* for another Place.
Malicious Fame reports her Hair was Red,
And that ſhe ſmooth'd it with a Comb of Lead;
Howe'er it was, the Monarch lik'd her ſo,
He kept her where no Fleſh alive could know,
Till jealous NELL (Oh Tale as ſad as true!)
Found out her Lodging by the fatal Clue.
Nor ſhould a Thouſand more be left unſung,
Whom Story boaſts as Beautiful and Young;
Who grac'd our EDWARDS, and our HENRYS Days,
For want of Bards, depriv'd of half their Praiſe.

---

* *King* Henry II.

But Ah! to venture on such lofty Things,
Beware my Muse, nor trust thy feeble Wings.
O PRIOR, CONGREVE, LANSDOWN, gentle Peer,
And ADDISON so strong, and yet so clear;
Yours be the Task, ye Swans of Silver hue,
Who Soar so wondrous High, and Sing so true.

When, and from whence the *Ruff* at first was (brought,
Long, but in vain have puz'ling Criticks sought.
In after Times, some future BENTLEY's Care,
Shall gravely mark the Climate and the Year;
BENTLEY (great Sage) who ne'er vouchsafes to write,
But such important Matters come to Light.

Queen

Queen * KATE of *Auſtrian* Blood, Demure and (Wiſe,
Swell'd the *ſtiff-Circle*, to a larger Size,
And wore it as was then the *Spaniſh* Mode,
For Female Shoulders thought too great a Load.
Some Winters paſs'd, and then ELIZA ſway'd,
Sworn Enemy to *Rome*, a wondrous Maid!
She turn'd out *Popiſh* Modes, but kept in *That*,
And introduc'd, beſides, the *Steeple-Hat*;
Fenc'd the huge *Petticoat* with Ribs of Whale,
And arm'd our Mothers in the circ'ling Mail.
Such have I ſeen in † CECIL's Antient Hall,
His Kindred Beauties rang'd along the Wall;

* Infanta *of* Spain, *Wife, firſt to Prince* Arthur, *and then to his Brother*, Henry VIII.

† Hatfield.

By ſome great Pencil to the Life expreſs'd,
And in that Ages Form Preciſely Dreſs'd.
O! charming SALISBURY, of TUFTON's Race,
Thou Soul Celeſtial, with an Angel's Face,
Could the long Order of the ſleeping Fair,
Freed from Death's Chain, once more breath Vital (Air,
With Envy would they bluſh, with Rage to See,
Their Faſhions foils to Thine; themſelves to Thee.

Our next unhappy STUARTS pav'd the Way,
For *Caledonian* Dames to come in play;
Beauties that *ſhifted* hardly once a Week,
For *Cleanlineſs*, alas! to them was *Greek!*
Now follow'd Canting *Puritans* in Shoals,
Who ſpoil'd our Bodies, as they damn'd our Souls;

Of

Of ev'ry Ornament they ſtrip'd the Fair,
And hid their Bubbies with Paternal Care;
The *Farthingall* and *Ruff* appear'd no more,
And *Ribbons* favour'd of the *Scarlet Whore*;
With ſad Simplicity they fill'd the Land,
Brought in the *Forehead-Cloth* and *formal-Band.*
In thoſe Fanatic Times (the learned ſay)
Attempts were made to Preach the *Smock* away,
For *Smocks*, ſo near the Fleſh, were Carnal, plain,
Too like the *Surplice*, and of courſe Profane;
The Zealous *Kirk* the godly Cauſe to Crown,
Clean Linnen, and the *Common Pray'r* put down:

Oh!

Oh! had that Crew for *England*'s Bane design'd,
Been to its Native *North* alone confin'd!
Annals might want, nor we our selves should know
One Melancholy Scene of *Royal Woe*;
Wild *Anarchy* had kept beyond the Main,
With all her Viper-Brood, and Bestial Train,
Nor had our *State* been lost, nor hapless CHARLES been slain.

But lo, the Sun breaks thro' the dismal Gloom,
The Second CHARLES fills up th' *Usurper*'s Room,
Unnumber'd Beauties flock from ev'ry Part,
And aim their Glances at their Master's Heart.
The noisy Hypocrite no more was fear'd,
But *Mantuas*, *Pendants*, and *Commodes* appear'd;

In all his wonted Flames the Lover burn'd,
And * *Sylphs* long Baniſh'd to their Charge return'd.
† Sackvile and Wilmot then ſat Cenſors here,
Kind to the Sex, but to its Faults ſevere;
Such *Satire* flow'd from their abounding Store,
Tho' *France* did much, their Pens refin'd us more.
Fools, and Coquets, the Muſe Impartial bit,
The falſe Pretenders both to Airs and Wit;
Hence Woman ſtill improv'd, whilſt ev'ry Moon
With ſome New Mode produc'd a new Lampoon.
Succeeding Beauties made the Former leſs,
Their *Deshabille* excell'd their Mother's Dreſs.

---

* Aerial Spirits, *compoſed of the pureſt Atoms of the Air.* See, *The diverting Hiſtory of the Count* De Gabalis.

† *The Earls of* Dorſet *and* Rocheſter.

In ANNA's Days at laſt the Point was gain'd,
To Faſhion's higheſt Pitch our *Belles* attain'd;
From *France* they came, and many a Foreign Shore,
To learn Our Arts, who taught us Theirs before.

Love's Goddeſs now the *Furbeloe* diſplays,
Invents the *Flounces*, and Reforms the *Stays*;
Her Handmaid Siſters leave their old Abodes,
And make this Town *Metropolis* of Modes.
By Faction guided, Ladies patch the Face,
And to the *Watch* now add the *Twezer Caſe*.
White Breaſts, and Shoulders bare, invade the Eye,
And Legs no more conceal'd, our Jeſts defy,
Thoſe pretty Legs ſo Taper, and ſo Smart,
By which Men gueſs at ev'ry other *Part*.

The *Petticoat* remain'd a Point in doubt
Till WREN was forc'd to help our Beauties out;
A *Roman Cupola* * he ſhow'd in Print,
And thence of *Modern Hoops*, they took the hint;
The vaſt Circumference gives Air below,
At large they tread, and more Majeſtick ſhow:
Thro' Lanes of raviſh'd Beaus the Wonders paſs,
And Names of TOASTS are Cut on conſcious Glaſs.

To you, fair Virgin Throng, With *Myrtle* crown'd
Our Bumpers fill'd with gen'rous Wine go round;
For you, th' *Italian* Worm her Silk prepares,
And diſtant *India* ſends her choiceſt Wares;
Some Toy from ev'ry Part the Sailor brings,
The Sempſtreſs labours, and the Poet ſings.

---

* *Sir* Chriſtopher Wren's *Print of St.* Paul's *Cathedral.*

To your bright Eyes I conſecrate my Lays,
Inſpir'd and warm'd by Their Celeſtial Rays;
Leave your *Baſſet*, your *Sermons*, and your *Tea*,
And liſten to the Rules preſcrib'd by Me.

When, undiſturb'd with *Spleen*, you then deſign
At Court, the Play, or in the Ring to ſhine,
Betimes, O Nymphs! to your *Toilets* repair;
And firſt let BETTY *Comb* th'Ambroſial Hair.

Not all your Locks are equal in Renown,
Red yields to Fair, and Black excells the Brown;
Some ask a plenteous Store of ſcented Grains;
Some, none at all; and pleaſe with little Pains:
Thoſe, wanting Order, ſcarce endure the Teſt,
And Theſe, in careleſs *Favorites* are beſt.

The brilliant Bodkin often adds a Grace,
Or *Jeſſamine* ſets off the blooming Face;
But be not Bigots to ſuch Toys as theſe;
Approv'd to Day, to Morrow they diſpleaſe.

Much Ribbon was in Uſe in Days of Yore,
Of Ells each Topknot had at leaſt a Score,
Now Cuſtom has retrench'd that old Exceſs,
And fix'd on Female Brows a frugal Dreſs;
For your New Pinners even ſink below
The frizzled Foretop of a Modern Beau.

Take, gentle Creatures, take a Friend's Advice,
In poliſhing your Teeth be wond'rous nice;
For no Defect in theſe (ſhould ſuch be known)
Ten Thouſand other Graces will attone;

Oft let the Bruſh it's Morning Task repeat;
And ſhun at Boards the too high-ſeaſon'd Meat;
Ragouts, and luſcious Soups, make Teeth decay,
And op'ning Lips the tainted Breath betray;
But ah! Your Paints are worſe; refrain from Thoſe,
Nor loſe true Pearls to gain a borrow'd Roſe.

Jewels, in which You take ſo great a Pride
Are ſometimes beſt (believe me) laid aſide;
Such Ornaments take up the dazzled Eye,
And make us paſs your Charms unheeded by;
Beſides, what Value adds the ſhining Store,
When many a formal Cit perhaps has more?
If CHLOE's Features, and beginning Bloom,
Surprize the Cenſors of the Drawing-Room;
If juſt her Shape, her Air be *degagèe*,
Her plain *French* Necklace is preferr'd by me.

The

The *Teague-land* Beau, with his *Corinthian* Face,
Perſues *Brocade*, and dies for *Flanders* Lace;
For this wiſe Maxim he has learn'd by rote,
That richeſt Outſides, greateſt Wealth denote.
Leſs ſordid We, but more refin'd of Taſte
Eſteem in *Chints*, or *Crape*, a charming Waſte;
Thro' Streets full oft, by *Calicoes* are led,
And Burn for DASHWOOD in a Muſlin Head.

'Tis no ſmall Task the true *Genteel* to hit
And ſhun the Cenſure of the Park or Pit;
Oft have I ſeen a *Mantua* pinn'd amiſs
Make People ſneer, and almoſt cauſe a Hiſs:
For Knots ill-fancy'd, or a tawdry Gown
Ill natur'd Criticks, cry the Woman down;

With *Prudes* and *Slatterns* open War they wage,
And Ten to One, if either ſcapes the Stage.

Four charming Siſters, * here in Vogue of late,
Long rul'd unrival'd the *Coſmetic State*;
They nothing wore, but what was *à propòs*,
Nor could the World compleater Models ſhow;
But cruel Death (ah, Monſter, too unkind!)
Has left but half that Conqu'ring Race behind.

Tho' moſt condemn the *Fair* that's over-nice,
Too great Neglect is oft an equal Vice;
Th' eſtabliſh'd *Belle* ſome Privilege may take,
Affect looſe Airs; and counterfeit the Rake;

---

* *The Duke of* Marlborough's *Daughters.*

May lay the *Necklace*, and the *Drops* aſide,
Half comb her Locks, and all her Linnen hide;
But no ſuch Licenſe is to Thoſe allow'd,
Whoſe undiſtinguiſh'd Forms make up the Crowd.

How plain ſoe'er you DRESS, be throughly clean,
Nor let the *Smock* be foul, becauſe unſeen;
But chiefly You, that are to *Plump* inclin'd,
And You, whoſe Hair is of the *Carrot* Kind.

Be wond'rous tight about the Leg and Foot;
Thoſe Parts neglected, ſoon betray the *Slut*:
In chuſing *Stockings*, ſhun the Vulgar *Blue*,
And braid, as well as lace, the Damask *Shoe*.

When you put on, to grace a ſolemn Day,
Your beſt Attire, and ev'ry Charm diſplay;

Each due Convenience for your Eaſe prepare:
But moſt, ye Nymphs, of lacing cloſe, beware;
Leſt, by a Fit ſurpriz'd, you, ſwooning, fall,
Diſturb the Feaſt, or interrupt the Ball:
Then the Breaſt heaves, the Bluſh the Cheek forſakes,
Till ſome kind Hand the *Whalebone* Priſon breaks:
Mean while, an Am'rous Youth may ſteal a Kiſs;
Or ſnatch, unfelt, perhaps, a greater Bliſs.

I much approve, when Snowy Breaſts are ſeen
Of Fragrant Sprigs the Noſegay ſtuck between:
The Scent and Object make us half deſpair,
And ardent Lovers wiſh their Lips were there.

When for the Morning Air abroad you ſteal,
The Cloak of *Camlet* may your Charms conceal;

The Cloak, in which a Noble PEER * of late
Got off *Incog.* and ſlily bilk'd the State:
That, with a *Mask*, is ſuch a ſure Diſguiſe,
'Twould cheat an ARGUS, or a *Spaniard*'s Eyes.

Thus whilſt with Artleſs Hand I touch the String,
And trace our *Faſhions* to their Ancient Spring;
For BERKLEY'*s* Loſs, with Song divert my Care,
And call the Beauteous Crowd to lend an Ear;
Vouchſafe, Auſpicious on the Muſe to ſhine,
Supreme of Nymphs, O Matchleſs CAROLINE!
So, may thoſe *Graces* (who, deriv'd from Thee,
Of Future Bards the Glorious Theme ſhall be)

---

* *The Earl of* Nithiſdale.

When Time has Ripen'd all Their growing Charms,
And Form'd each PRINCESS for a MONARCH's (Arms;
Their People's Hearts, as *Thou* doſt Thine poſſeſs,
And Learn from *Thee* to GOVERN, and to DRESS.

FINIS.

APPLE-PYE.

A

POEM.

By Dr. *KING.*

Now first Printed from a Correct Copy.

A PPLE-PYE.

A

POEM.

By Dr. KING.

APPLE-PYE.

A

POEM.

OF all the Delicates which *Britons* try,
To pleaſe the Palate, or delight the Eye;
Of all the ſeveral Kinds of Sumptuous Fare;
There's none that can with APPLE-PYE compare,
For coſtly Flavour, or ſubſtantial Paſte,
For outward Beauty, or for inward Taſte.

When

When firſt this Infant-Diſh in Faſhion came,
Th'Ingredients were but Coarſe, and rude the Frame;
As yet unpoliſh'd in the Modern Arts,
Our Fathers Eat brown Bread inſtead of *Tarts*:
Pyes were but indigeſted Lumps of *Dough*,
Till Time and juſt Expence improv'd 'em ſo.

King Cole (as Ancient *Britiſh* Annals * tell)
Renown'd for Fidling, and for Eating well,
Pippins in homely *Cakes* with *Honey* ſtew'd,
Juſt as he Bak'd, (the Proverb ſays) *he Brew'd.*

---

* *See, The old Ballad of King* Cole.

Their

Their greater Art ſucceeding Princes ſhow'd,
And modell'd *Paſte* into a neater Mode;
Invention now grew lively, Palate nice,
And *Sugar* pointed out the Way to *Spice*.

But here for Ages unimprov'd we ſtood,
And *Apple-Pye* was ſtill but homely Food;
When God-like EDGAR of the *Saxon* Line,
Polite of Taſte, and ſtudious to refine,
In the Diſert perfuming *Quinces* caſt,
And perfected with *Cream* the rich Repaſt.
Hence we proceed the outward Parts to trim,
With Crinkumcranks adorn the poliſh'd Brim;
And each freſh Pye the pleas'd Spectator greets
With Virgin-Fancies, and with new Conceits.

Dear NELLY, learn with Care the Paſtry Art,
And mind the Eaſy Precepts I impart:
Draw out your *Dough* elaborately thin,
And ceaſe not to fatigue your *Rolling-Pin*:
Of *Eggs* and *Butter* ſee you mix enough:
For then the *Paſte* will ſwell into a *Puff*,
Which will in crumpling Sounds your Praiſe report,
And eat, as Houſewives ſpeak, exceeding ſhort.
Rang'd in thick Order, let your *Quinces* lie;
They give a charming Reliſh to the PYE.
If you are wiſe, you'll not *Brown Sugar* ſlight,
The Browner (if I form my Judgment right)
A deep Vermillion Tincture will diſpence,
And make your *Pippin* redder than the *Quince*.

When

When this is done, there will be wanting ſtill,
The juſt Reſerve of *Cloves* and *Candy'd Peel*;
Nor can I blame you, if a Drop you take
Of *Orange-Water*, for Perfuming-ſake.
But here the Nicety of Art is ſuch,
There muſt not be too little, nor too much:
If with Diſcretion you theſe Coſts employ,
They quicken Appetite; if not, they cloy.

Next, in your Mind this Maxim firmly root,
Never o'ercharge your PYE *with Coſtly Fruit:*
Oft let your Bodkin thro' the Lid be ſent,
To give the kind impriſon'd Treaſure vent;
Leſt the fermenting Liquor, cloſely preſt,
Inſenſibly, by conſtant Fretting, waſte,
And o'er-inform your Tenement of Paſte.

To chuſe your *Baker*, think, and think again
(You'll ſcarce One Honeſt *Baker* find in Ten:)
Aduſt and bruis'd, I've often ſeen a PYE,
In Rich Diſguiſe and Coſtly Ruin lie,
While penſive Cruſt beheld its Form o'erthrown,
Exhauſted *Apples* griev'd, their Moiſture flown,
And *Syrup* from the Sides ran trickling down.

O be not, be not tempted, Lovely NELL,
While the hot-piping Odours ſtrongly ſmell,
While the delicious Fume creates a Guſt,
To lick th' o'erflowing Juice, or bite the Cruſt.
You'll rather ſtay (if my Advice may Rule)
Until the Hot's corrected by the Cool;
'Till you've infus'd the luſcious Store of *Cream*,
And chang'd the Purple, for a Silver Stream;

'Till

'Till that ſmooth Viand its mild Force produce,
And give a Softneſs to the tarter Juice.

Then ſhalt thou, pleas'd, the Noble Fabrick view,
And have a Slice into the Bargain too;
Honour, and Fame alike, we will partake,
So Well I'll Eat, what you ſo Richly Make.

F I N I S.

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